ſelfe, well the Gods are aboue, time muſt friend or end well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

Creſ. Excuſe me. *Pand.* He is elder.

Creſ. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pand. Th'others not come too't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'others come too't, *Hector* ſhall not haue his will this yeare.

Creſ. He ſhall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pand. Nor his qualities.

Creſ. No matter. *Pand.* Nor his beautie.

Creſ. Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan: You haue no iudgement neece; *Hellen* her ſelfe ſwore th'other day that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (*for ſo tis I muſt confeſſe*) not browne neither.

Creſ. No, but browne.

Pand. Faith to ſay truth, browne and not browne.

Creſ. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pand. She praiſd his complexion aboue *Paris*,

Creſ. Why *Paris* hath colour inough. *Pand.* So he has.

Creſ. Then *Troylus* ſhould haue too much, if ſhee praizd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, hee hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion, I had as liefe *Helens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper noſe.

Pand. I ſweare to you I thinke *Helen* loues him better then *Paris*.

Creſ. Then ſhees a merry greeke indeed.

Pand. Nay I am ſure ſhe dooes, ſhe came to him th'other day into the compaſt window, and you know hee has not paſt three or foure haires on his chinne.

Creſ. Indeed a Tapſters Arithmetique may ſoone bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lifte as much as his brother *Hector*.

Creſ. Is he ſo yong a man, and ſo old a lifter.

Pand But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, ſhee came and puts mee her white hand to his clouen chin.

Creſ. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pand